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OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

BEING

The single SONGS in the New OPERA, call'd
(*The Mad Lover*) at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn
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Majesty's Musick.

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A Thorough BASS to each Song, for the Harp-
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L O N D O N:

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A SONG Sung by Mrs. Hudson.

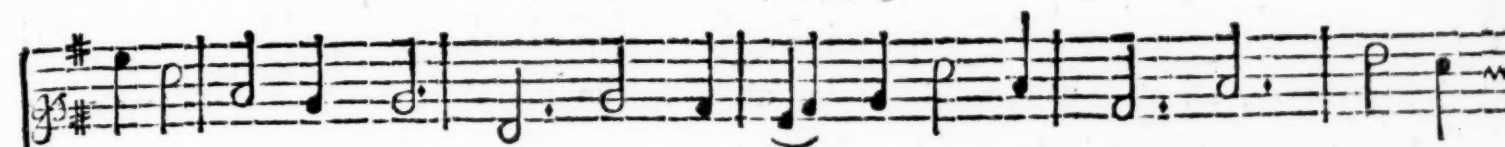
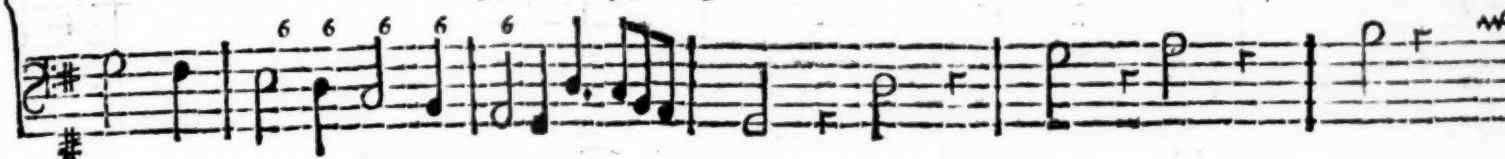
(443)



Et all, let all be Ga —



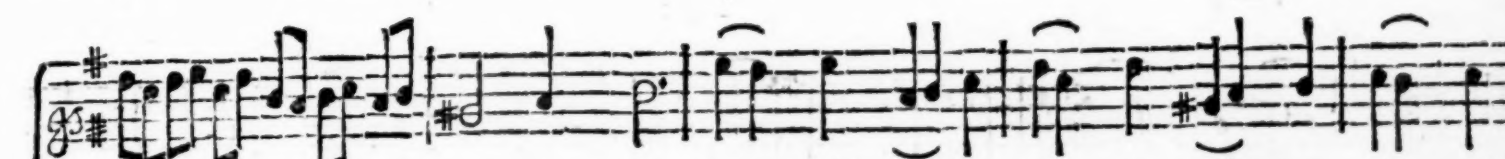
—y, be Gay, let plea—

—sure, pleasure reign, Peace, Peace and *Williams* cheer the Plain, both, both ar—

—ri-ving, sports reviveing; none but Lovers now shall mourn, no, none, none but Lovers



now shall mourn: None but those who Ra—



—ge and Burn, soon with Cooing, or with Ranging, with per—



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—su—ing, or with changing all their pain, their pain, to joy shall turn, all their pain, all their

pain, all their pain to jo— — — — —y to

joy shall turn, all their pain, all their pain, all their pain to jo— — — — —y to

—y to joy shall turn.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Cease, cease of Cu—pid to complain, Love, Love's a joy ev'n while a pain;

Cease of Cu—pid to complain, Love, Love's a joy, ev'n while a Pain; Oh!

Oh! then think! oh! then think! oh! then think how great his Bliss

mov—ing Glances, Bal—my Kisses char—ming Raptures, match—less Sweets, Love,

Love alone, Love, Love a—lone, Love, Love alone, all joys com—pleat.

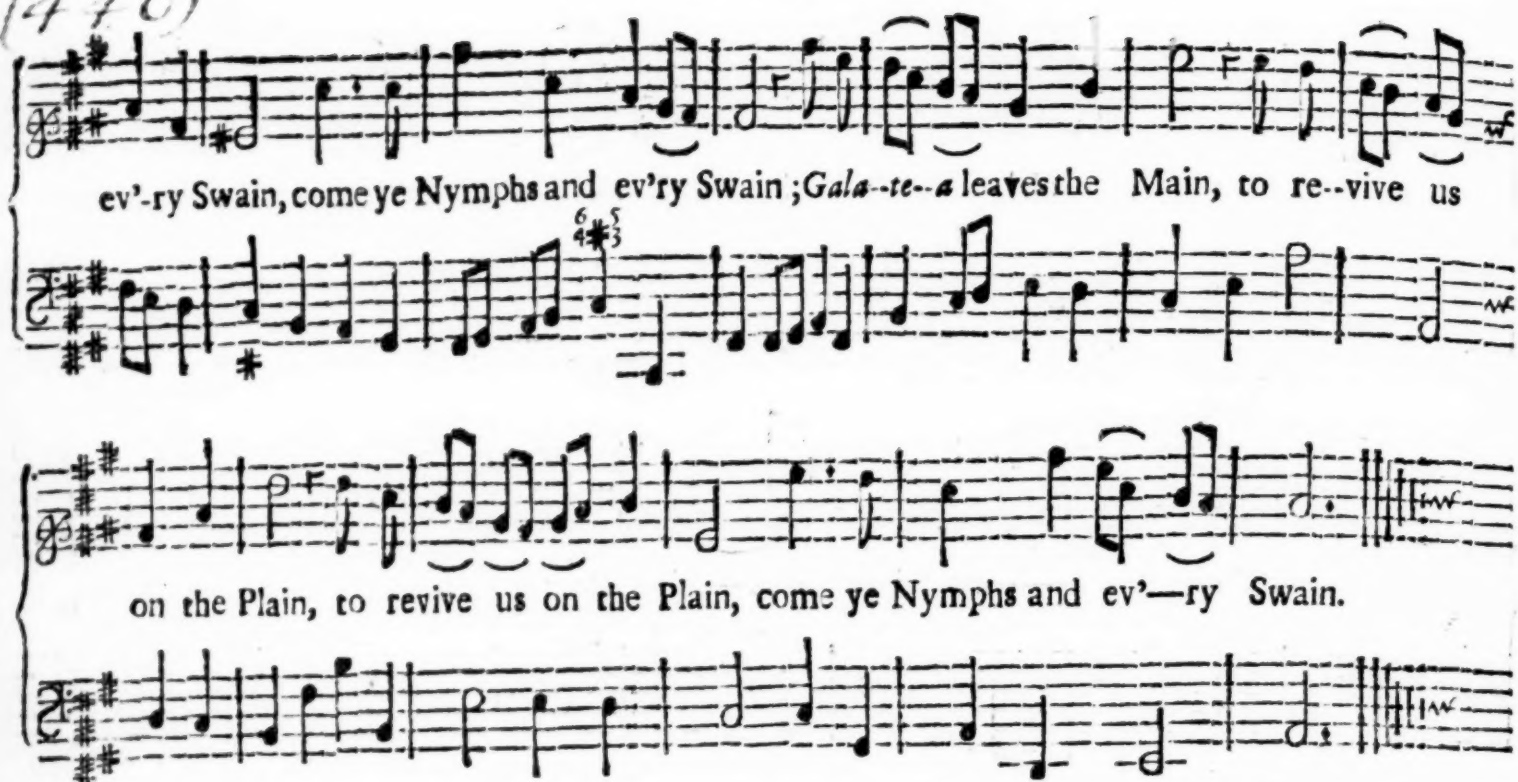
Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Come, come ye Nymphs come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain, come ye Nymphs and ev'ry

Swain, Ga-la--te--a leave the Main, to revive us on the Plain, to revive us, to revive us,

to revive us, on the Plain: Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs, come ye Nymphs and

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ev'-ry Swain, come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain; Gala--te--a leaves the Main, to re--vive us
on the Plain, to revive us on the Plain, come ye Nymphs and ev'—ry Swain.

A S O N G Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



Must then a faithful Lover go, Scorn'd and Banish'd, Banish'd like a Foe; Oh! let me
ra—ve oh! let me ra—ve, dispair, dispair; Curse, curse my Fate, yet Bless, yet
Bless, Bless the Fair; for oh! in spite of her disdain, I still must Love, I still must Love and hug my
Chain; yet why, why, shou'd Love, why shou'd Love my Heart molest? When hate, when hate, when

Hate her Love possesses; Revenge, Revenge or Scorn, Revenge, Revenge or Scorn, or Scorn thou'd

rule my Breast, when such a Swain, such a Swain, such a Swain, she Blesses; When such a Swain,

such a Swain, such a Swain she Blesses: Then I'll no more to Coyne's sue, Faith and Constant

Love adieu, farewell Dotage Fond Disease, welcome, Freedom, welcome Ease, welcome

Freedom, welcome Ease; I'll Rove, and I'll Range, I'll

Love and I'll Change, I'll Rove and I'll Range, I'll Love and I'll Change;

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E-ve-ry Hour, and e-ve-ry Place, e-ve-ry Fair, and e-ve-ry Face; I'll vow and pro-

—test, I'll swear and deceive all, all who like me, are so mad to believe, all, all, all, all,

all, all, all who like me, are so mad to believe. I'll,

S O N G.

AH! how love-ly sweet and dear, is the kind re-lenting Fair, who Reprieve us in Despair;

Oh! that thus my Nymph wou'd say, come, come my dear, thy cares re-pay, be blest my Love, be

mine to day, come, come my dear, thy cares repay, be Blest my Love, be mine to day.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

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Hark! hark! hark! hark! the Foes come, fee,

fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, fee, they march a-long in dire ar-ray, in-

dire array, a Hun- - - - -dred, a Hundred Thousand strong, a Hun- - - - -

- - -dred, a Hun-dred Thousand strong: Their threatening

Squadrons, and Batallions view, what horrid, horrid Slaughter, what horrid, horrid

Slaughter will en-sue, what horrid Slaughter will en- - - - -sue;

Rou—s'd by the dreadfull cha—

—rm, the Warriors wake, Rou—s'd by the dreadfull charm, the Warriors wake, the Valiant

glow, the Vulgar qua— —ke, the Vulgar qua—

—ke, the Vulgar quake, the Vulgar qua— —ke, the Vulgar qua—

—ke, the Vulgar quake, but nothing, nothing can our leading Hero shake, no, nothing, nothing

can our leading Hero shake, let 'em come on, let 'em come on he cry'd, let Fate the War de—

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—side, let Fate the War, the Wa- - - - -r, the War de—cide; the Foes thus
 num'rous on us ca- - - - -ll, but to be worthy by our Arms, but to be worthy by our
 Arms to fall, but to be worthy, but to be worthy by our A- - - - -rms to fall.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Wiltshire:

A ppear, appear, appear all ye Lovers to Cooe, Laugh and Toy, and rais'd with kind
 Appear, appear, appear Jolly Topers to drink Laugh and Toy, and
 Love, and rais'd with kind Love, and rais'd with kind Love, give a taste of your Joy: Ap—
 rais'd with brisk Wine, and rais'd with brisk Wine, brisk Wine, give a taste of your Joy:

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—pear all ye Lovers to Cooe, to Cooe Laugh and Toy, and rais'd with kind Love give a

Appear Jol—ly Topers to Drink, and rais'd with brisk Wine, brisk Wine give a

taste of your Joy; appear all ye Lovers, to Cooe, to Cooe Laugh and Toy, and

taste of your Joy; appear Jol—ly Topers to Drink, and rais'd with brisk

rais'd with kind Love give a taste of your Joy, and rais'd with kind Love give a

Wine, brisk Wine, give a taste of your Joy, brisk Wine, brisk Wine, give a

taste of your Joy.

taste of your Joy.

The SONG Tunes for the *FLUTE*.

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F I N I S.